

Junior school (Year 3 - 6)

Friday 28 June 2019

I was probably nine years old when I first noticed that the smallest racial minority on the Island own all the inter-structure, government building, control imports and export, and possess most of the land. The native, and another diverse racial group, worked the ground and ran the transports on this small Island. I wouldn't say I liked the feeling that there was networking in my brain. **I was feeling sad and appalled, and it weakened my overwhelming sense that the community was good,** and we all were getting along. However, I grappled with my young child's diverse views and the belief that won was "how come". How come only this minority race seemed to have control of everything on the Island? And it was rare to see any of them.

The corporations were Whites, and Black people were working for them. However, the Black people had no socio-political power or much representation.

A profile emerged for this White race as I made my way through school classes and developed my reading, writing, and understanding of more words. Almost all the stories written were by them or said to us were about their clever ways. I hear the term 'European people' and 'people from the West', the term Westerners used in school education. The school taught us that they discovered things, invented things, and observed everything in the sky, earth, and sea. Behaviours in the human race and animals were studied and written down in books they wrote, and we had to read them. ***The only people who wrote books, so it did seem, what they wrote we understood, and want us to believe in God as described in the Bible.***

As a child growing up in an environment where people spoke English, I could no more help knowing the English language than preventing myself from growing. It's just part of my human growth picking up the pieces of speech that originated in me, remembered ordinarily similar to what I can't learn to teach myself, to hear or see.

Something unsettled me about these people and their words. I could not pinpoint why varying interpretations were going on in my mind of English languages, language. The only language I knew from birth. I was getting confused by it and distinguishing between various speech patterns. Even a decision in my mind should understand differences in the "yes" and "no" and "don't know" to help make my mind up, but it did not seem natural. The three communication pathways remained separate, yet three altogether voices, and there were so much more inbetweeners thoughts and messages crowding my maturing brain.

My mind is in a constant state of re-thinking things because I feel I am getting manipulated. I'm not getting told the truth, truths. I have always said what I want to say, but nobody else does; even children of my age became more deceitful. They found ways to say things, cover up something, have

to be secretive, and have to manipulate others to get on. I noticed my peer group were changing, but I couldn't see the changes in me, other than the physical ones, my body's growth and more hair appearing on my body. My thoughts and ideas weren't changing. I firmly stuck to my simple principles of openness and honesty. To get ahead was competitiveness to deceiving others. I learned early on that people often don't say what they mean.

Things aren't just correct, wrongs, black, white, factual or mere beliefs. My mind has been trying to understand and recognised these thoughts from as early as I can recall. To me, written words sounded the same when listened to and wherein the word pool. However, I was never sure I knew what they meant, what they were getting at and wanted us, dark-skinned people, to accept. I faced agony because everything that the white minority said or wrote, my mind was now expressing doubt over. I didn't trust what they said, and the sentences complexity doubled, sometimes multiple meanings were absurd. I heard the expression that "White people speak with fork tongues," and parts of my inner dialogue were becoming influenced by it.

These people are so off the scales from humanity; they are the worst racially motivated people on the planet. I should be angry, furious at how this group of minority people treats other racial groups of people wherever Island or country they moved to and settled. They seemingly breaking away, standalone supremacist, all-knowing in every knowledge and language. They talked and wrote down what they said are developed ideologies for the rest of us to adhere to and told us we must believe. "Go to hell if you don't believe", but for themselves to not believe was simplified to walk away and not listen to such nonsense. My maturing mind couldn't understand what was truly going on, including my mother and father organising for our guardian, Mrs Clarice Thomas, and the family to immigrate to England.

Every cell in my body articulated these lighter-skinned people had a problem with Black people. Racism was deeply embedded in these people, but I was not alive to my conscious having alerts to the dangers those people used to justify their discrimination on the Island.

They need to get stripped of the epistemological and methodological privileges they solely enjoy. They are only one race, yet they apply different lenses that led them to racialised thinking and operating. It seems the European approach was the only way to understand the natural world and people. They claim that they invented the sciences, originated all kinds of mechanical devices that seem the other racial groups of people cannot think up things or think about thinking and writing down our findings. So, we blindly accepted what they said about something and endured their wrongs on us. Their word is the "best education" we were told and must learn, even though I believed there were biased and racist. They lacked a sense of morality and purpose and possessed arrogant confidence and a very different set of values from the rest of the human species.

Dark skin people were led to believe that Western centrism offered the best of everything, even in the form of them thinking that entrenched us, we, the black people, had a hand in helping whiteish people entrenched black people, "It's in the Bible," they would say. School lessons mentioned,

"colony, colonising". Colonisation did not click into place for a long time since we centred on European and Western history, giving us knowledge, and not realising it was through colonising areas.

The influence of the European slave trade, Christian missionaries, and the colonialism of parts of the world, and the imperialism of Southeast Asia by Europeans started a modern concept of "Protestant Buddhism" that did not exist before. As a result, it gained prominence in Western mainstream culture, which reshaped Buddhist mindfulness tradition. One example taken from the eastern culture is that today Buddhism has aligned with Western science and philosophy, representing rational, universal, and compatible science, emphasising meditation and personal reflection. Instead of the original tradition, which encourages observing the present thoughts, emotions, and bodily sensations non-judgementally.

The West, including Europeans, picked up specific excellent ideas and approaches from different dark skin people, Asian people, and regions. They took good, adequate knowledge and has absorbed it in western terms, yet still, the European's have not paid homage to the influence of other knowledge systems.

They centred themselves as the "head" and wanted us to be influenced by their bad errors in working out things, observations, and corrupt practices. There is no denying it brought benefits to humanity except the corrupted rules. That did not mean, though; they shouldn't get themselves interrogated, de-centred themselves and always remain the product of human goodwill and good intentions.

My body was gradually maturing, my thinking was getting muddled, and my feelings remained rooted in a perspective of life that cut me off from being like others, which I must follow. My young mind could imagine the pain of dark skin ancestors and current black people's struggles, mainly based on racial discrimination and prejudices. However, I couldn't use or exploit the anger connectivity in my developing brain to connect to hate whitish, ashen skin people actively; I feel saddened for their sake, losing the humane self, the essential component in a human being.

I formulated how to get them back on track and mixed up a cocktail of ideas, opinions, teachings, the little experiences gained in life so far, and what experience has shown and what happened in history. Then, finally, I told myself something similar to what I am about to express in writing, which has all of the hallmarks of empathy, compassion, and the right ingredients that my young mind explains to itself.

When these white-skinned people came to a foreign land, they saw people of colour (black people) as their slaves to buy and sell, and they fought, started wars for what's not theirs, and took total ownership of what's free for all to share-in on the planet.

These people's actions are brutal, barbaric, beastly, and like wild animals, yet they seem so proud of themselves. I would find it impossible to stand in their shoes and not regret the harm they have done to the planet and its inhabitants. I wouldn't want to be seen with the rest of the human race and not able to feel sorry for what their white ancestors have done and not carry a subtle yet pervasive sense of shame. Unfortunately, these people are not remorseful, and they are pleased with themselves for their authoritarian rule over citizens on lands around the world. They brutally took ownership and made themselves 'head' without having votes from the whole human race and have us looking -up to kings and queens.

A genuinely human being would be ashamed, appalled at their brutality, and beg the rest of the human race to help educate their conscience for them to purge themselves. Individuals should seek a personal pardon for their race transgression to have gone so far from humanity. The various ethnic people need to prove that the ashen liken skin light toned people repentances are genuine, and they give thanks to the rest of the human race to bring them to be redeemed. They will find they need to compensate for the wrongs committed to the human race with perfect love's material properties. **Undoubtedly, the universe fabrics have universally gifted us people with threads.** Even the atheist must have the moral and ethical fabric fibres associated with perfect love? Being religious, spiritualist or none, believing in God or not, atheist or not, and the agnostic must surely know it's a choice to nurture nature's spirit of love. The consequence of not doing so is naturally bad for their soul and on humanity.

This child's mind had not yet understood well that not all people accept the same fundamental universal rule in their thinking as it related to doing "no harm." It produces ethical principles for all of us to follow. People make up their variables to label people negatively or define them in deficit terms in systems that classifying living things. Knowledge and the breed of good behaviours will get better seen in cultural mixed that historically produced multi-culturalism because they have more staked to benefit humanity, not democratise it. The supremacist will have to change or die out.

The consequence of this would be to root out their racial essentialism in themselves and remain in the system of thoughts to abide by the universal laws. The code of principles in ethical and humane practices has been in our DNA since the beginning of time; we are all supposed to adhere to, do it, or speak in any sense objectively about people and things. The correct ways must also have been produced by the senses reasoning that in turn constructs and instruct the universal concept of "rights" and "wrongs", or we'll be outrage, forgetting ourselves not to justified "wrongs". So, all of us should hastily retract from "wrongs" doing and or saying them.

Thing's adults do for pleasure and the greave things they can do were etched deep into my childhood memories and remained permanently preserved. From the perspective of an observing child, notions of what's wrongful, the parts of the adult world that aren't lovely and kind, have stayed in my brain, covered over with new and fresher memories. I cannot say for sure that all of this writing is total truths and authentic from the past and not just made-up stories. I honestly think they are trapped

imbedded infant experiences in their earliest laid down memories, getting released through opening up to the openness of my self-education to express those memories out of my mind. I shuffled words to get them orderly and pick out the best vocabulary as my brain's mind travelled along the timeline of experiences it can't forget. I pro worked with the genes data to get this personality and developmental character right up to today. I am pleased that there is no compromising on doing the right thing, and I stayed firm, ragged to the Right and proper way to craft a pleasant personality. As perfect a person as I can be despite some complex challenges, I continued to go on still to reach unachievable perfection.

However, I can be content to be the best person I can be. There is no debate to compromise on the truths and be honest in everything I do and say. The child's mind in the child's brain realises that wild animals have a powerful instinct for sex and have a lot of aggression in their mating habits. The act of reproducing offspring and having sex was rough, violent, and natural and healthy for their species. Some strange noises from the neighbouring house had attracted my attention as I played around our back yard, and I went to investigate its cause.

I peeped through the window. The rough violent actions of an ordinary couple having sex were discomforting, shocking discovery; people are not that different from the animal kingdom, especially when engaging in sexual behaviour.

Movies, known then as motion pictures, came about, and what everyone saw as entertainment films, violent plots, deception heroism to have murdered and villains murdered many people. The story people made them up, they say it's fiction, but realism action on the film of killing the innocent and most times, poor people rights get taken away, and the state imprisons them. The adult world seemed harsh, and I saw my first racism from a movie; the pure racial conflict my child's inner voice says is coloured unfairness—the adults say it coloured prejudice. The people watched the movie, cowboys and Indians and Westerns; they were the most favoured films. The audience would be off their bench to watch the film. The music added tension by dramatising actions that thrill the audience to follow the story even more.

The child's view, it's not fair on the Indians, they got gums, and the Indians got Bowes and Arrows. It's not fair that they are being driven off their land and burning down the tents, their home.

The radio broadcastings on heavyweight boxing championships were epic hours of listening for the community. ***The adult world is not fitting how I expected it to be, and the boxing event almost had me in tears; I sulked.*** In the boxing contest, the listeners would do actions clenched fists and punches the air, chat loudly and cheer when a boxer gets knocked down and more so if the fighter knocked out cold. The broadcaster descriptions of the event were graphically vivid; I could see the words as actions, phrases like punches, gave a right hook to the head, floored him and knocked-out cold, were chilling me, the child's tummy got a coldness that was making him shake, shivered a bit. I was probably eight or eight and a half, and my internal thoughts were getting sharper and more fixed. The firm self-talk began talking back, and I internalised all the talks, including my second mind

answers. It induced an internal biological change. The maturing eternal self, a kind of atrium that looked out at adult fights' objective external world, got me shy around adults and a dummy. My face looked blank, bleak, and my child photos look like I am in another world—the one I daydreamed about for all people to do the good and love because I don't particularly like or appreciate doing anything wrong. I see too well the unfair, harsh external objective world and their wrongdoing. So I turned inwardly introverted love expression to aim for my imaginative daydream ideas to work in real life's circumstances, situations, and decisions. ***I promised myself to stick to be as correct, as just, as faithful as practicable and be helpful in the world of good doings thoughts when I grow up.*** My lifestyle would be the outlet to practice them physically, do the right thing, and learn that trial and error in life (making mistakes) helps us do the right something and education. I do not boast or talk about the traits I worked hard on to be the character I am today to do the right thing.

I slipped up lots of times, and sometimes I would confuse myself and others. But every external action in the real world that I take is from the mind's master blueprint to make all people foster the best traits of themselves so that the world can become ideal for everyone. So, I always tried to use the best-energised characteristics from the mix of both the good and the bad, and my healthy behaviours are the actual working copy of my thoughts working into actions. So no longer just inside my headspace as a festering of the perfect ideas but working towards the ideal outcome.

I had sensed that my senses were telling me I had an itch; I felt something was wrong but could not touch the cause of the mental itchiness. It was not until I realised, I had been compounded by religious teaching and the community waiting for a saviour. I could not remember committing an act of sin or crime that I knowingly absolutely deliberately wanted to do or did. I hear the preaching and seen writings that they say are God's word; all have sinned. The blood of Jesus saves us, and he was crucified for our sins. **Every Sunday and every Christian festival, the Pentecostal church haemorrhage me with their colourful hymn singing about the coming of the Lord Jesus.** They preached doom that Armageddon was coming, sending the congregation into the most profound depth of sorry. The adults expressed repentance; for the coming of Jesus Christ will be soon, they will have a place in heaven, Jerusalem is their happy home. Their body shaking as they moved to the front to the pulpit, have the laying of hands, speak in "tongues", and then say in plain English, "I believe", and thou shall get saved.

Deep in this child's mind, deep to his soul, the flaws in Christianity gave him the most intense itchiness. He knew that, just by knowing his awareness of his existence, he wanted to see and be with the one that brought him into being and love all of creation. We are obliged to praise and worship that thing that brought us about to whom we owe our lives and want to do the best with our lives, but sometimes we mess -up on what we do with ourselves and the other creations in the environment we share and want to have forgiven.

We were looking forward to the day to meet the uttermost expression in a word for that "thing" our human language gave it a name that varies down the years, but it means the same, "God" is love. ***The people were misinformed in using their faith, having "the hope", having beliefs and expressing their powerful affection and thanks to God in a profoundly flawed part of the religion they get told***



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they must obey. Believe it, "be saved", eat the bread and drink the wine until He comes again. It's the only way, only Jesus is the truth, and the light reaches the reward that everyone desperately wants. So, I went along with it, and I ached throughout my childhood, growing up into my teen years. I sought to relieve the ache and itchiness and understand enlightenment's natural energy in my adult life.